

*VOICES 2016*





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## BEST OF MAGAZINE

Voices 2016 is proud to announce Awards for the Best of Magazine

### LITERARY

**Sarah Perrote**  
*Black Girl*

### VISUAL ART

**Omar Juarez**  
*Laundry I*

### MUSIC

**Walter Geschleider**  
*Pyro*

Voices wishes to acknowledge students for their excellence in literature, music and visual arts.

## THE DAN RISCH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship is awarded to outstanding and promising visual art students. This Scholarship is generously funded by Dan's family and friends in memory of former MCC art student Dan Risch.

The 2016 Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship winners are:

Skyler Buetow  
Emily Brankin

## MISSION STATEMENT

It is the mission of *Voices* to recognize and showcase the visual arts, musical and literary talents of McHenry County College students. *Voices* provides a forum for students to practice curation, jurying, editing, and technical production, which enhances the artistic experience and provides real art-world experience.

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## EDITORIAL STATEMENT

*Voices* publishes work that reflects the literary, visual, and musical points-of-view of contemporary community college students. Although *Voices* does not organize content thematically, the student editors, who are appointed annually by the faculty advisors in each discipline, select work that represents the contemporary zeitgeist of the McHenry County College community.

## BLACK GIRL

she sings to me about elastic rebound theory  
applied tension, appropriately, stress  
emphasis on all the right energies

and there's a shift, a force to be  
reckoned with, moment magnitude increase  
before we can stabilize the solid under foot

resiliency, but the complex cruelty  
of natural things, justifications  
i stumble into; "we'll move soon,"

"it's okay mom, they'll move too," she  
reminds me of an earthquake, a heavy burden  
to bear; her skin, like silken desert dirt

rich and brown, earth flesh, diverging  
fault lines, pulling; it's self-imposed  
predisposed, a tinder box of fire and flame

something ascribed, low velocity until  
she's ready, comes in waves, bending  
to fit a form she was born to break

she was made to move (this); this girl  
is an earth shaker, eventually she'll  
pull it to its core, chore like

to rise up, surface to see this world  
that's been sculpted by structure too  
frail to embrace the concept of

internal change, external exchange, flux and flow;  
the privilege of being a force, ground breaking  
energy, and they called her "black girl," as if

that's a bad thing...and there is a stress  
that society built atop skins, the color  
of them, like tectonic plates, rifts, tears

like scar gardens, visible, like beauty is  
to the eye of the blind beholder, the weight  
of the world shifts and it is impossible to predict

how strong the next movement will be, she says  
elastic rebound theory shifts displacement,  
observations about how previously stored

energy is released, how this creates earthquake,  
how this is what makes earth shake, and she  
reminds me of a time before our time, a time

when fallen angels sang of strange fruit hanging  
from trees, she reminds me of how we're like tectonic plates;  
crashing, colliding, pulling, tugging, and slipping past one another...

she reminds me of resiliency,  
she reminds me why Black Lives Matter has to be.





ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 8.5" X 11"



## *THE INTROVERT*

She shuns crowds—  
visceral encounters  
with back slappers  
and butt grabbers  
men-about-town  
and social climbers.

It's a resonant theme,  
from prepackaged people,  
this cacophony of sound,  
this preponderance  
of yakety-yak, this  
white noise over white noise.

She grimaces within  
the incessant murmur  
of small talk, prefers a corner  
alone with Keats, flees  
as soon as there's a break  
in the cascade of meet and greet.

Inside her own space, she  
slips into the silence,  
feels her heartbeat slow.  
In the solitude, she breathes,  
pours some Bailey's over ice,  
and rediscovers Eden.





CERAMICS, 12" X 11" X 6.5"





OIL ON CANVAS, 32" X 26"

## *D I S C O N N E C T*

Gum on my sole, Gum on my sole, Gum on my soul.  
But those chickens don't stop trying to ride my bicycle,  
their claws grasping at too-wide pedals.

Marie sits by herself in her corner.  
She sees everything,  
but allows for nothing to go on behind her.

That tree next to the big window,  
the one with arms trying to grab birds as they fly by,  
I think is full of purple worms.

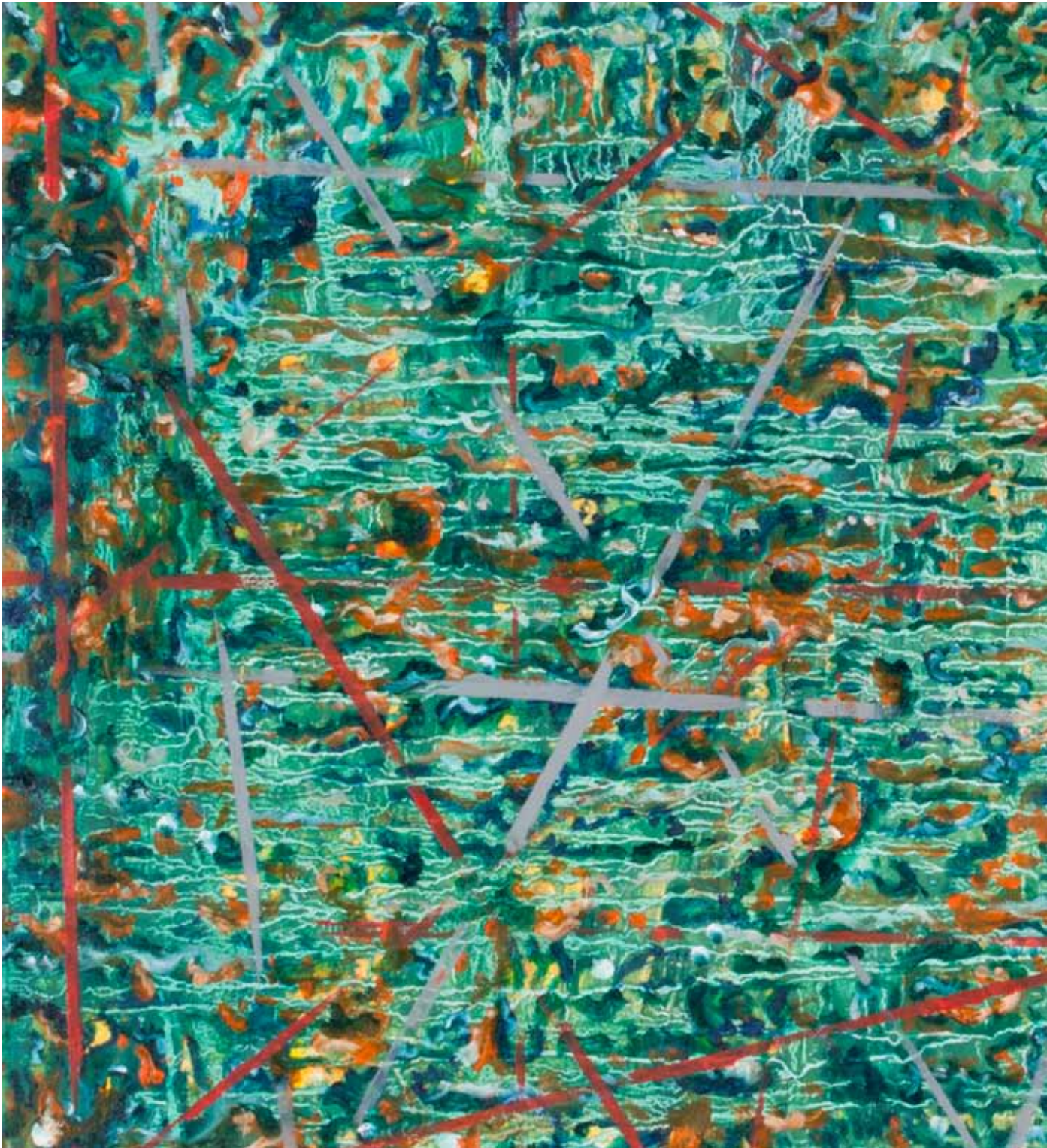
Sometimes smoky things are up by the ceiling.  
They float and whisper and observe evil things.  
Eating cake with frosting on birthdays helps.

People cry at the silliest things  
just because I wanted to see how far  
your chair would push down the hall.

My daughter is coming today,  
some things are for sure, I think.  
I don't know why they keep me here.

Damn gum on my sole.







OIL ON CANVAS, 16" X 22"



## *THE HEART OF HELL*

I was sitting in my beat up Honda Accord, my white knuckles pinned to the steering wheel, while I gazed into the mouth of hell. The demon known as Fretzaggn, shortened to Fred, whispered vile and disturbing words into my ear. Fred always seemed to be by my side in this place, though I never could see him. Before me rose a citadel of fire and blood with stone walls that seemed to drip and melt. Luminescent white flames sat atop shimmering steel pillars, and spotted the surrounding area for miles. Behind the gates of this castle raged more of this white fire, which clung to the ceiling and walls. The fire spilled out skull splitting light from the gaping mouth of the opening that carved through the blackness of the outside night. My eyelids were frozen in my skull, and my pulse beat faster than the cylinders of a car engine as I prepared myself to enter.

Fred was letting me know, in his own way, how this was a bad idea, by describing in great detail the probable outcome of my organs, were I to enter. I knew I had been here before, but I always seem to forget the specifics and details when I find myself in the underworld. All that I seemed to remember was I had penetrated this sanctuary of unspeakable evil, and found the winged white creatures that stood

at the end of the building, which gave me my freedom from this awful place. I didn't know why, or how they let me go, I only knew it was what I needed to do.

I gnashed my teeth together, cursed, and flung my car door open readying myself like that first plunge into freezing cold water. I pulled the hood of my sweater up, kept my head down, and shoved my hands into the pockets. I moved forward, while strands of sweaty, unkempt hair slightly obscured my vision. At the entrance, great, warped, transparent shields of energy moved aside for me to enter, revealing three creatures to the side of the entrance. The three humanoid figures, all dark bodies of black, olive green, and crimson mottled skin, snapped their heads up to stare at me. The beasts dropped their jaws silently in my direction, while their faces bore the look of unsatisfied hunger. Their heads, a twisted mess of pitch black, were centered by two crescents of gold that defined their pupils. Anointed atop their heads, were sharp, curved black horns. My eyes lowered as they saw me, and I kept moving forward, following a path of cracked red stone, while their eyes tracked my every movement behind my back. Above me, I could hear the buzz of the white hot flames, as they seared through my squinting eyes.

Every step I took forward, I felt their stare on me, their glowing, unblinking eyes flickered around every edge of my peripherals. Demons were sprawled all around me, and peered at me from every angle. They lifted their heads, and shifted their attention away from the endless shelves of grotesque items. I felt my throat tighten, my breath building faster, as I glanced around the wide open area. I desperately held onto the shreds of composure I had left, fighting the urge to turn my head, and look those monsters in the face. Shelves sprawled through the building, and supported vials and bottles of unknown chemicals, as well as weapons and instruments of torture, that were suspended from hooks. Fear swallowed me whole, and Fred cackled with laughter at my misery in his deep, grinding, dripping voice. I began to lose myself and couldn't refrain from stealing a wide glance at all the eyes watching me. My head spun on a swivel, distracting me from the obstacles in my path. My lack of focus led me to make the most unfortunate error. I stumbled blind, and tipped over a tall metal basket containing clear bottles of black liquid, which caused them to tumble out of the basket and roll along the floor. I fell to the the hard ground with a smack, like a

heap of meat thrown to a butcher's block. As I struggled to regain my footing, a vicious devil coalesced from thin air, and began to speak. I felt my face redden, and sweat poured down my forehead, as the creature spilled out sounds unutterable by any human being. The gibbering clash of syllables gnashed against my ears, and I felt nauseous. My vision swam, whipping, and swirling around the room, as my body began to heat to unbearable limits. For ages it seemed, I lay sprawled on the floor, next to the spilled receptacle, stiff as prey beneath stalking eyes. I forced my eyes off of the demon and pushed with all my will to stand up and stumble away screaming, "N-no!" And, "Sorry!"

I trekked on forward and spotting my destination in the distance, I mumbled to myself.

"Please, please, please... Don't eat me... Please "God" save me."

At last I reached the end of the citadel. A female demon all white, with long, folded wings that nearly touched the floor, trailed behind her. Her face, though bone white, still bore resemblance to the other demons, twisted unlike any natural being that walked the planet earth. Although her voice was garbled, and layered with several tones on top of each other, I could manage to pick out what she said to me.

*(continued on page 16)*



## THE HEART OF HELL (CONT.)

“Can I help you?”  
“I... hope so,” I forced out from a meek, trembling voice.  
“Are you here to pick up?” The demon asked.  
“I’m... not sure... Yes?”  
“Could I have your name?” She seemed confused, but not frustrated with me. I hesitated, and realized I had no choice. I leaned in close to respond so nobody could hear.  
“My name... is Joshua Green.” I whispered. With this, the demon peered to the side of the desk and clicked on some kind of machine out of my view. She retreated behind white shelves that contrasted significantly with the rest of the building, and after a moment of fearful anticipation, she arrived back to the desk with an odd look on her face. She looked right into my squirming eyes and asked,  
“How long have you been off your meds, Joshua?” Her voice seemed to have changed. She seemed calmer somehow, less frightening. The tones that layered her voice drifted slightly.  
“I don’t... I mean...” I trembled trying to remember what the words meant, trying to say something that I couldn’t bring myself to say. I stared at my hands, trying to recall something

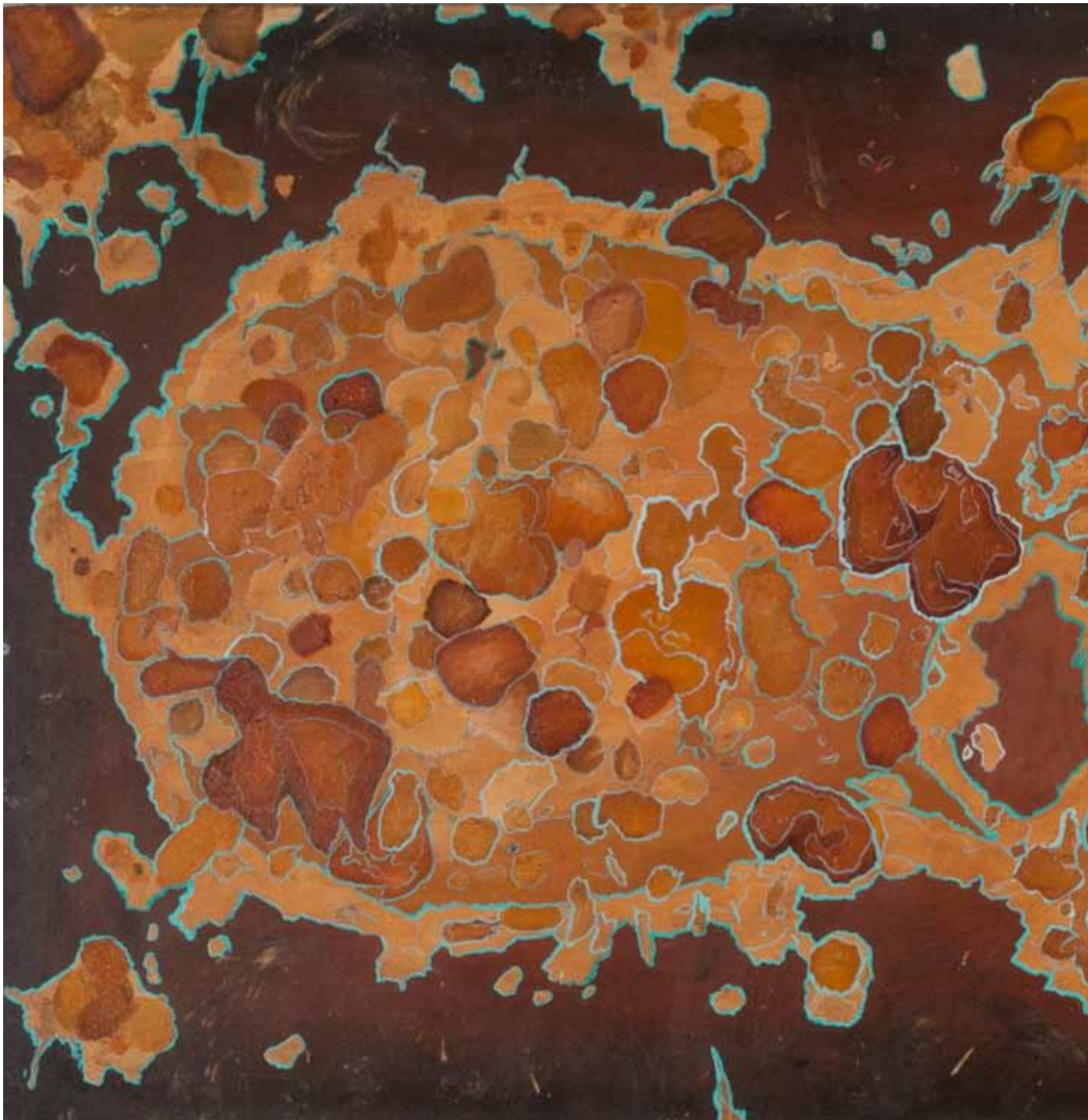
that didn’t exist, in a world I didn’t remember. Like a long forgotten dream, a past life, a fabricated existence. I felt the horrible truth bubble up to the surface beneath thick layers of tar.  
“Jesus.” She ripped open a package I didn’t realize she was holding, and retrieved an orange bottle. She popped the lid off and placed a single familiar white pill on the desk between us.  
“Take this, and follow the wall to your left. There’s a drinking fountain over there. Swallow this with water. If you need a minute, you can have a seat in one of those chairs.” She indicated a row of chairs lined next to the wall. I picked up the pill between thumb and forefinger, remembering everything. I looked up to her face, as I began to peel away the guises of my mind.  
“I’m sorry... I...”  
“It’s okay, go take the pill, dear” She said in a very calm and kind voice. I did as she said, walking in the direction she indicated. After a few steps, I paused with tears streaking my face, and turned back to the pharmacist.  
“Thank you...”





OIL ON CANVAS, 26" X 26"







OIL ON CANVAS, 23" X 43"



## CRACKED

Finally, I get to celebrate my twentieth birthday. It's kind of a big deal since tons of people don't really hit twenty nowadays. Bodies wear down after years of slavery, but I am one of the lucky ones. I get to spend all my birthdays, workdays, every day inside the Minister's office next to his desk. Yes, even on my birthday, I sit here filing death sentences and warrants under candlelight while he's over there hunched over his desk, white, greasy bangs draping his focused, caramel eyes.

Under the flickering, dim light, I trace his muttering lips. He whispers complex algorithms as his clammy hands fidget with the paint brush. Surely, he is designing again, as he usually does during the small, morning hours. I cautiously follow his every precise stroke over the porcelain. With an eerie grin, he gently glides the red ink across a mask's lips. Another mask. My heart can't help but sink at the sight of those dreadful things that allowed him to rise to power. The nation knew its history, and how his cruelty rewrote it. Once in power, this skeletal creature forced millions to wear those pale masks, paralyzing their faces in a compliant smile while giving him complete control over their lives. Once the mask was on, there was no going back. Our minds, senses, and actions belong to him. We all live for the Minister. Within weeks after the dominion, slavery commenced, wars tainted the globe, and the world we knew bowed to the Minister in utter worship and fear. He owns

nations. I hold my face knowing it's just a glass mask, never to shatter. I know that behind that desk rests the lives of millions under his merciless hand. My eyes search for a smidge of humanity behind his calculating gaze.

"Must I remind you, Rowland, that for all social purposes, I am—how to say it without repulsion—married to the wretch called Stacy. So please direct your attention to your screen." My shock must be enough to spark the mocking grin across his thin lips. I do try to focus, but terror keeps nudging my side as his old frame turns around facing me, holding up the delicate yet familiar mask. "Or perhaps, you are a Russo-American spy plotting against me."

"No, I..."

"I never gave you permission to speak, Rowland." Bowing, I try to look back at my screen, reading the addresses of the activists who will be murdered tomorrow evening. As the floor groans, my legs stiffen, for he rises and creeps his way to my desk on which he sits, mask in hand. "Young women like yourself are scarce, and you are far too stupid to survive on your own." I'm a little afraid of where this is going. He is married. I try not to arch an eyebrow, which isn't hard since my mask prevents me. His yellow nails tap over my files as if counting the seconds toward my slaughter. "Do you have any idea why I've kept you, taught you, nourished you," he scanned my papers before shooting me

an enigmatic, caramel glare, “raised you?” I shake my head not daring to speak. Maybe age is finally hitting that lump of evil sitting between his ears. I’m not his daughter. I’m just his secretary. He is a sadistic murderer and dictator who happens to have a lot of power. I don’t know how that all coincided. The mask’s eye sockets appear to mock me with a grin. Why is it so familiar?! Leaning into my petrified face, he inhales my breath while infesting my air with the smell of peeling mold. “We cannot live forever, at least not all of us.” His eyes fall on the mask. “I need a successor, lest I live... forever.”

“A highly improbable chance,” I catch myself saying.

Ignoring me, he chuckles with a wide mouth. “This mask proves you wrong. You see, I control everyone. I sketch the lives of the nations, and now, I’m about to rewrite science.” Does he know how long it took me to literally retrace history? Now science, too? “First, I give you all my knowledge, as I have in the past ten years, and now I shall give you my very soul, for I trust nobody but myself to inherit my work.”

“Pardon?” I feel my lips wrestling with my case, but my mask won’t let my despair leak. “Should I file this?”

“Once you put this on,” his damp fingers trace my mask, “all of my glory will consume you until you are... me.” I wait for a sign, something to tell me he’s kidding, but his eyes never

falter. “Your life is but a stage for my eternal reign, Rowland.”

Breaking protocol, I stand up before him, stunned and incredulous. Behind this placid smile is a silent sea of fury. Is he serious?! Oh dear, he is! I will not let my life be another one of his building blocks to make the world suffer. I will never allow it! Never! And here I was thinking I’m lucky! I take a trembling step back, knowing my life could end at the push of a button. “Stay away from me.”

“You have no choice. You have my wisdom! Either accept this or die.”

“Then kill me. KILL ME!” I flip the table, enraged. “I’d rather die than become you, you selfish monster! Kill me for all I care! You hear me! KILL ME!” I scream.

“Then so be it.” Fixing his loose tie, he paces toward his desk when a loud screech echoes throughout the building. I know it’s mine. I hold my eye, feeling the cold pain pulse throughout my face. Breathing heavily, I’m able to feel blood and glass scratch against my fingers. “No...” I swallow hard, ignoring his bewilderment. White and red glass trickle down my skin mixed with tears of pain, torture, and what I think might be... freedom.

After a few seconds, I watch his shock slowly kindle a burning hatred. Somewhere in that face was fear, but I didn’t stick around to find it. I knew that our history was about to change again. The present is shattered in pieces, and the future is like my mask... cracked.







ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 11.7" X 16.5"





OIL ON CANVAS, 26" X 26"



*A S D A Y C A M E T O L I F E*

a sliver of time  
split break of day from first light  
when the dream ended  
and the night came to life

on the worn pier where  
we shared quiet thoughts  
together we stood  
separate

alone in a fresh painting  
wind, water, trees, winged  
in stillness i stood  
frozen

then sun's first arc of gloss  
brushed life upon the scene  
again we shared souls  
as day came to life







OIL ON CANVAS, 15" X 25.125"



# *D Y S P H O R I U M*

Patpatpat!  
A percussion of fast rain  
crashes against Dad's Toyota.  
I'm in the front passenger seat.  
I can't remember how I got here  
Can't remember why I'm unable to turn my head left or right. Up or down.  
To look at anything besides  
the drooping elms that stretch out endlessly toward the horizon.  
It strikes me that the car is not on the road.  
The engine shrills in a way that an engine shouldn't  
and the car stays in place.

Then, a thousand memories slam into me all at once.

An image of Dad driving  
while sleepy, slow rain drizzled.  
The rain rapping louder and louder, harder and harder, as we argued.  
I guess I had distracted him.  
By the time Dad realized the car was sliding off the rain-riddled road, toward a tree, it was almost too  
late. He jerked the wheel and we dodged the tree,  
but the car flipped over twice.

And then I woke up here.

My neck feels hardened and stiff, my tendons like rocks. It forces me to stare forward.  
"Dad?" I call.  
No response.  
There are no buildings or intersecting roads between us and the horizon line. No cars drive by.  
There is no one to help us.

None of the windows are cracked.  
The exterior of the car looks intact from my limited line of sight.  
But, somehow, rain water has crept in.

And it drenches me.

It feels heavy across my legs and torso, making my jeans stick to my legs.  
I stroke my hand across my abdomen and raise it to my face, putting it within my line of sight.  
It's not water I'm drenched in.  
My hand looks like it was dipped in red paint.

Blood.

Is it mine? Is it Dad's?

"Dad!"

I extend my clean, left hand out to touch his chest. My fingertips brush something wet.  
I bring my left hand to my face.

Blood.

My fingertips are sticky with crimson. It covers him too.

Which one of us is bleeding out?

It doesn't feel like I am. But then again, I don't feel much of anything below my neck.  
The stone-like sensation is numbing. It's traveling through my veins,  
down my legs.

Abruptly, the rhythmic sound of rain cuts out.

A deep, rolling sound—a sort of white noise—fills my senses instead.

My eyebrows crumple because, outside, dense rain continues to wash over the windshield,  
making the world outside a blurry twist of colors. But all I hear is white noise.

"Dad?" I call, just to see if I can hear my own voice.

And though I feel my vocal cords vibrating,  
feel my lips make his name,  
I hear nothing over the abyssal churning.

My breath quickens as I realize

it isn't just the windshield that's a blur of colors, but also the dashboard is changing.

The grey dashboard that once framed the windshield

is now feeding its colors into the greens and browns of the world outside.

I know it is an illusion. My vision is warping.

I hold my hand up to my face, and, as I feared,

it is a fuzzy blob of scarlet against—what looks like—16 blurry fingers.

I no longer feel my body

as if I'm two floating eyes.

My hand drops out of my vision because I no longer have the ability to keep it raised.

"...Dad," I whimper into the sound vacuum.

"Dad, can you hear me? Please hear me. Something's wrong."

My eyes are open, staring forward, but a pale blue has washed out my sense of sight.

I utter "Dad" one last time.

The numbness is replaced with nothingness. The white noise leaves with it.

I even miss the blue.





CERAMICS, 12" X 10" X 6"



CERAMICS, 4.5" X 3" X 4"



## THEY CAN SEE YOUR PANTIES

which are black; they are French hand sewn lace with a cotton lining that gently presses against your garden, you call it your garden because it's more polite than saying vagina, but you're not sure why because vagina is a really fantastic...spot. you open your legs farther, thinking about how much you spent on these black hand sewn lace panties that no one has ever seen.

your playlist for this "Writer's Festival" consists of Tom Waits, Killer Mike, Sage Francis, Nina Simone, Dessa, Howlin' Wolf, Brother Ali, more hip-hop, more artsy shit than the stuffy asshole sitting next to you, you scribble a haiku to soft rhythms whispering song into your ears, it consists of the typical 5, 7, 5, then fold your lined paper over and write a list of thoughts set on repeat

you're so cool—I hate that movie.  
you will die alone, just like me.  
your workshop blows, I bet you jerk off  
to your student's photos.

you will leave this behind for the "Poet" who is running this workshop and fill out the survey, cursing yourself for driving this far in a snowstorm to write a damn haiku for an English Professor who should have taught you something, anything, classic, line, stanza, breaks, you move on, much the same as you do in life, just going through the motions.

the next workshop is run by "Morte", who is a Chicago based Author and teaches at Columbia College, he gives you something: eye contact, he tells you how to sell yourself, he helps you stay focused by being typical, a typical fucking author; he runs his withered hands over the stubble on his chin and clears his throat, swallowing his ego before telling everyone tucked into tiny desks at this community college:

"If you're a poet, you have the title and the first line to catch an agent's attention."

Morte gives you honesty, which is more than 5, 7, 5 will ever be.





PHOTOGRAPH, 11" X 8.5"







OIL ON CANVAS, 24" X 36"





OIL ON CANVAS, 24" X 28"



OIL ON CANVAS, 26" X 26"





PIGMENTED SILICONE CAULK ON MIRROR AND WOOD, 28" X 22"





ACRYLICS AND MIXED MEDIUM, 36" X 55"



## TALKING TRASH WITH GOD

It was a holy site . . . once. Now, even with the passages of time, jungle overgrowth, and erosion, the sanctity of the place wasn't diminished. I stood before the large stone statue of Tonatiuh, Toltec god of sun and all of earth. For my scholarly experience, I was given the psychoactive Teonanácatl by a "journey master," ancestor of Aztec heritage. He was there only to assure my safety in this journey. He was forbidden to speak or interact, except to prevent me from hurting myself as I entered a spiritual state, induced by the powers of the hallucinogenic mushroom that ancients called "God's flesh." I drifted. Lights danced around me though my eyes were closed. I sensed an aura forming. It made the damp, cool chamber less intimidating.

I addressed Tonatiuh, "What stories you must have." My comment was rhetorical. I didn't expect what happened next in the torchlit chamber.

"Baby, way more sadness than memory. Only groovy feelings left," came forth in front of me. From an old stone statue? Could this be real? An ancient Toltec *beatnik*?

"Did you actually speak, Tonatiuh?" I asked aloud with no concern for embarrassment.

"It's all cool, surfer; I have no mouth for gab, I only touch your mind, dream weaver." His words were blowing upon me as if on winds. They were felt as real things, things that could touch my flesh. I was becoming focused within as my surroundings became irrelevant.

"Why is it, after all these centuries, do you talk to me?" I implored.

"Time is your restraint; just chill, daddy-o. I am heard because you are ready to hear me, and you know these mushrooms are good shit." Tonatiuh echoed inside my head. I felt a warm breeze on my cheeks and my body felt as though it was becoming weightless.

I was enthralled and, now, eyes open, burst forth, "Please then, great one, give me some understanding."

"Jack, there is no *understand*. There is only is. Belief in being. To know more you must be beyond life; you dig?" He resonated within me.

Tonatiuh continued. "Tonight my sun illuminates you from inside. I shine on in, baby. You become enlightened and you expand beyond your physical. For a time, you are released from the corporal. And that's super-groovy."

"O.K., then, what about life after death?" I dared interject.

Quickly flowed the words, "Aww, man, answer yourself. Does the wind have life? Does love live? Can stars *be*? You were born with this answer. Corporal life withers and transcends. But there is being beyond. So go with the flow. I am apparent here. Does that comfort you in your quest?"

"But how am I comprehending you, and what message do you bring?" I thought I had formed words.



“Again, no *understanding*; don’t question, just feel. The *shit* is in you.” This weird beatnik god handles me as if to an ignorant child, an indulgent and gentle god.

“Yes, ancient deity, I am feeling something. I just feel so confused, so questioning.”

“Jive on this,” came into me as I seemed to notice the statue no longer felt old or cold. This was a manifestation, and it was so real. “You dig this poetry thing in your life. And it comes from places I have tripped. It distills your essence and it comes from good, man. Practice it and you will embrace me and you will have a better space to be in. Yours can be so much more hip, you know?”

“But, Tonatiuh, I am a Christian and it requires that I have one, real God. How can I reconcile that with your being?” I implored.

Again came a rush within my brain. “Dig it, man; first, I am not Tonatiuh. That is *your* attempt at understanding. You may tag me as you wish but I am beyond worship. Better spend your allotted time in reflecting good, in purity. It *is*. Call it Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, mystic, or what you wish, but beyond you is *all* and I am in the *all*, the eternal *all*. I *Am*. This representation and even these thoughts I give you are not profound. When you perform sacrifice, that is your scene, not the beyond. There is no possession, no rebirth, nor is there forgiveness. I say again, there just *is*. And there is no thing you call blasphemy. What you think or say does not change *is*. I *am* beyond you. You

are just caretakers in a small realm. Karma, man.”

I vexed, “I don’t know what to say; this is just washing over me. I am experiencing things I never have before.”

“My *within* will leave you. My jive jazz ends. You will ponder. Your journey will return you, leaving you as if in a dream. I will be but a question.” The rumbling in my ears increased.

“Then, what can you leave me with? What will I have to remember?” I desperately grasped.

“You’re a trip! O.K., remember me as the sound of laughter. Bongo beat. A baby’s cry. A rasping wheeze in death. I am there. I am eternal hope. I am love. Hug it, man; can you dig? And, do not place me above any for I am part of you as you of me. I do not represent. I just *am*. Finally, do not worry. It is thankless and does not change what *is*. You got it?” He was slipping away. I felt left behind. Alone.

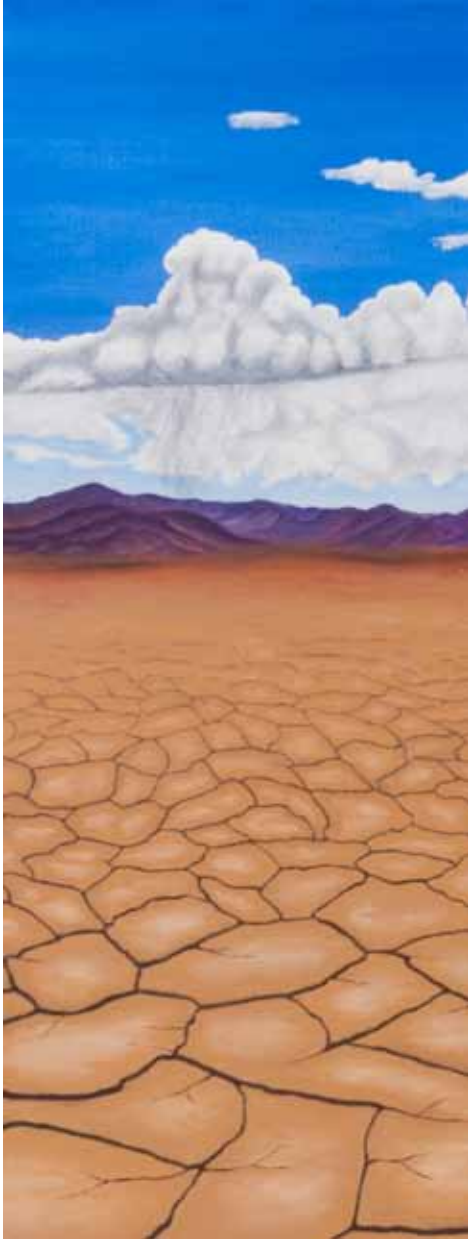
I became aware of the torches and the gentle hands cradling me and wrapping me in coarse blankets. I fell to sleep.

I awoke to a warming rain and a pounding head (from the mushrooms?), remembering but snippets of the last night. But I felt something within me, as if a flower had bloomed there. That feeling lasted only as long as the flight from Mexico City to Chicago; but the memory, ah yes, the memory that stayed. I do not understand what and why, but it *is* and I dig it, daddy.





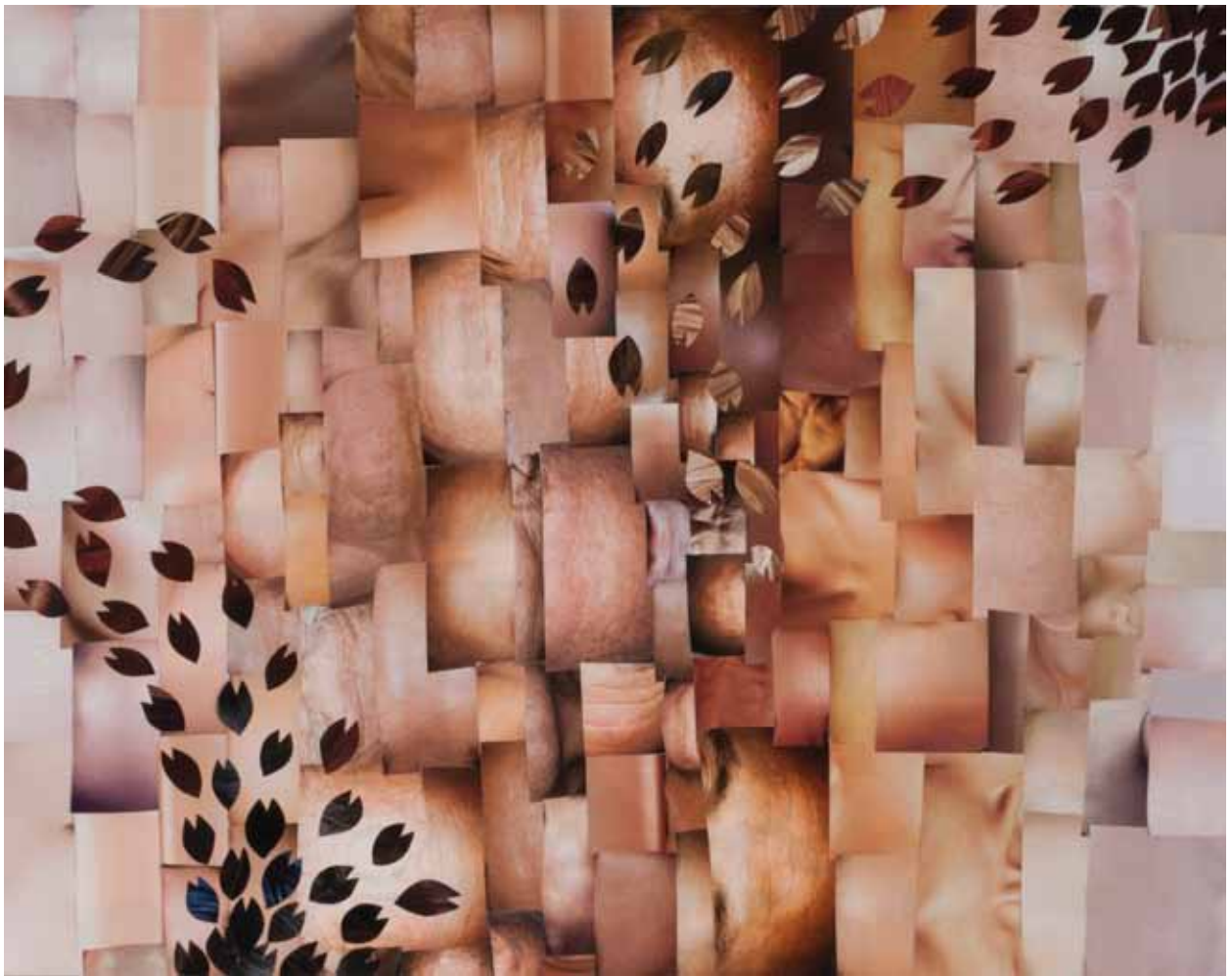
CERAMICS, 13.5" X 13.5" X 3.5"



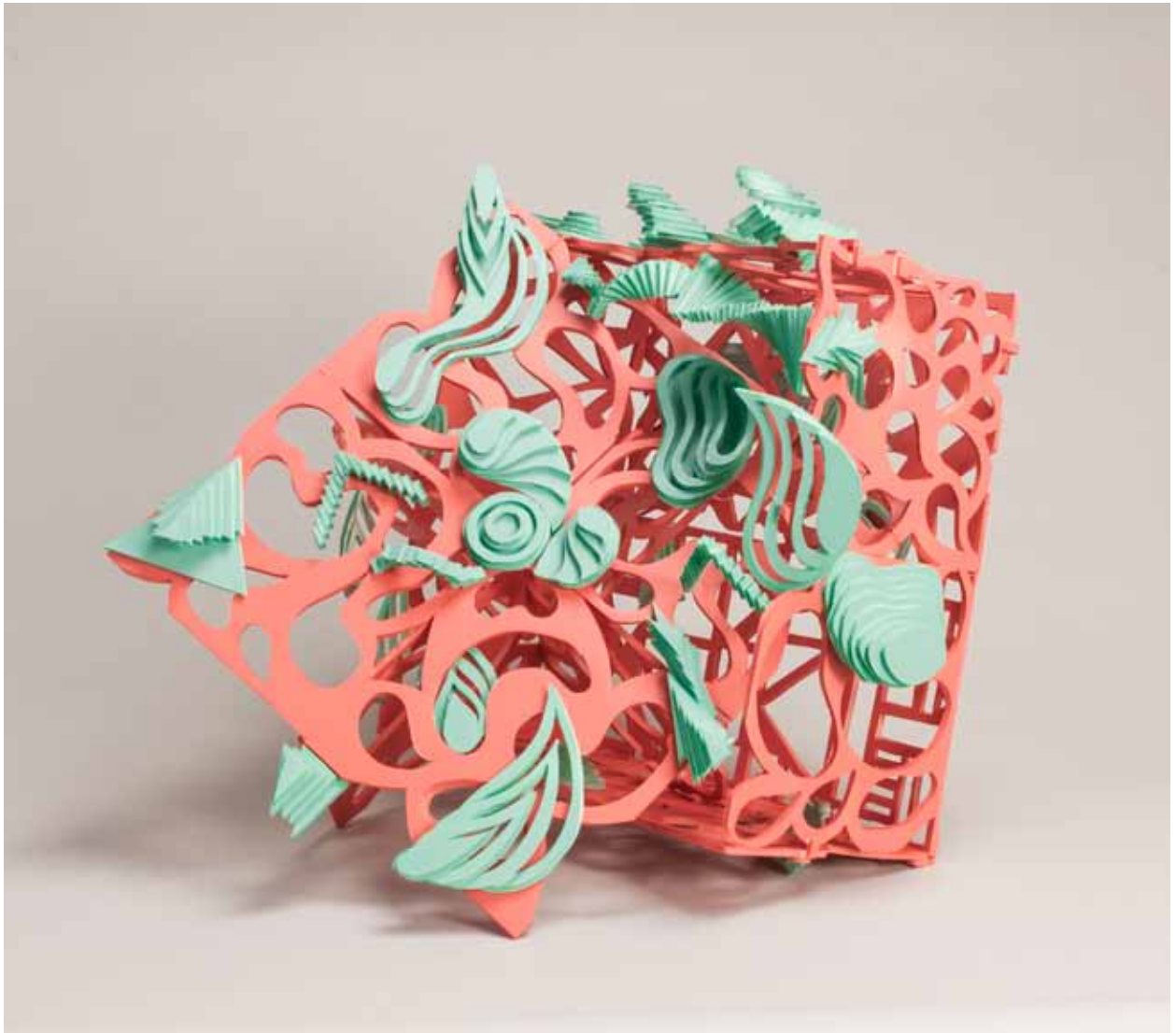


OIL ON CANVAS, 24" X 36"





COLLAGE, 18" X 24"



FOAM CORE AND SPRAY PAINT, 19.5" X 21" X 19.5"







LATEX, SPRAY PAINT, VINYL, 22" X 47"





OIL ON CANVAS, 24" X 18"



# VOICES

MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE  
LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL 2016

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*MUSIC*

- 1 WALTER GESCHLEIDER • *Told You*
- 2 PETER BARTOT (EXPLODING HEAD SYNDROME) • *Metaphorically, I am a Peanut*
- 3 WALTER GESCHLEIDER • *Pyro*
- 4 PAUL SOULARD • *Perspective*
- 5 PETER BARTOT (EXPLODING HEAD SYNDROME) • *I Don't Like Naming Things*







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